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Shiloh Academy will commence  
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sion of five months according to grade of stu-  
dent. Board from \$6 to \$8 per month.  
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Principal

# The Rutherford Star.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD." -DAVID CROCKET.  
VOL. III. RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1869. NO. 35

SAVED BY A DREAM.

"Lift me up, Harry, that I may see  
the sunset for the last time."  
Harry Kensett lifted the girlish form to  
a sitting posture, and pillowed the  
golden head; damp with the dew of  
death, against his shoulder. The win-  
dow was open, and the breath of sum-  
mer, freighted with the odors of clus-  
tering roses, and pale drooping lilies,  
from the garden below, floated like  
incense into the death chamber.

Behind the tops of the distant moun-  
tains the sun was striking to rest, and  
streaks of fiery flame shot upward to-  
ward the zenith, while gorgeous piles  
of clouds, purple and amber and gold,  
drifted slowly across the crimson  
West.

Dora Kensett's eyes gazed at a few  
moments with a look of unutterable  
longing upon the magnificent picture,  
then closed wearily as she whispered  
with a shuddering sigh:

"How beautiful earth is, Harry!  
As I sit and look at the clouds we have  
watched together so many times, and  
feel that it is for the last time, a hor-  
rible fear of the dark and loathsome  
grave, comes over me. We have been  
so happy, dear, so very happy togeth-  
er, and now I must leave you to go  
down into the Valley of the Shadows  
alone. Oh, it seems so cruel, Har-  
ry."

The manly form against which she  
leaned shook with suppressed agony,  
but he said with a steady voice:

"But the glories of heaven, Dora.—  
The music of the golden harps, the  
pleasant rivers through which the shin-  
ing rivers run, the gates of jasper, and  
the streets of gold—think of that. No  
more care, no more sorrow, only one  
long day of perpetual brightness and  
bloom, and such a little while till we  
shall share it together, darling."

"Yes Harry, I know; but what  
were all the glory and beauty of heav-  
en even, without you? I suppose it is  
wicked. I have always heard that  
good people don't feel so, but I cannot  
be reconciled. They always said that  
when death became inevitable we grew  
resigned; but oh, Harry, it is not so.  
I can't die, Harry—don't let me die!"

The piteous young face, so beautiful  
so dearly loved, nestled close to his  
breast, and the thin hands, white and  
soft as snowflakes, moved softly over  
his bearded cheeks in a mute, childish  
caress.

It was too much for Harry. His  
voice was broken with the passionate  
echo that shook his strong frame from  
head to foot, and he clasped her closer,  
uttering, brokenly:

"My darling—my wife—how can I  
give you up?"

"Don't Harry. Don't let my selfish  
rejoicings grieve you. But sometimes  
when the daisies blossom above the  
face you have kissed so many times,  
and the sweet pine-roses blow, you'll  
come and sit beside me, dear, and  
think of your little wife who loved you  
so. And, perhaps, you'll fancy that  
my voice whispers to you in the sum-  
mer winds that sweep the long grasses  
at your feet, or see a shadowy hand  
beckon to you from the white, fleecy  
clouds overhead, and poor Dora will  
not be entirely forgotten. Something  
will remind you of her who felt the  
keenest pang of death to be the separa-  
tion from you. How dark the room  
is growing. Call them to bring the  
lights. I would gaze upon your face  
till the last moment."

Alas, the moment was drawing very  
near. The dying sunlight flung his  
blood red banner on the wall, but she  
did not see it.

The hand that wandered slowly over  
his cheek was icy cold, and around the  
sweet mouth the unmistakable gray-  
ish hue began to gather. "Hark!" she  
said, "some one called my name; and  
listen, there are voices singing afar  
off."

He bent and pressed his lips to hers  
already icy cold, and when he raised  
his head he saw the great change which  
comes but once had passed over her  
face, and the joy and sunshine of Har-  
ry Kensett's life had gone out forever.

The funeral rites were over. Thea-  
dora Kensett's sweet face, wreathed  
with syringas and rose-buds, was hid  
from sight beneath a coffin-lid, and laid  
in the gloomy old family vault of the  
Kensetts.

Pitying faces and tearful eyes had  
bent above the shrouded form, and  
sympathetic whispers had said a score  
of times that it seemed cruel, for one  
so young and fair to lay down earth's  
choicest treasures at the very outset of  
life.

Up and down beneath the tall lar-  
ches that shaded his now desolate home  
Harry Kensett paced restlessly, his  
very heart wrung with the anguish of  
his bereavement.

The June evening, tremulous with  
the throbbing life of the golden stars  
and fragrant with the breath of roses,  
held no charm for him.

Far in the distance the lofty spire of  
the old church pierced the sky, the  
church where they had that day  
laid his darling, with white hands fol-  
ded close over a pulseless heart.

Oh, what a desolate place would  
earth be without her.  
"I beg your pardon, sir," said the old  
housekeeper, "but the air is damp to-  
night, and tea is ready in the library.  
I thought you might prefer it served  
there."

"Thank you Mrs. Milwood, but I do  
not wish any."

"Oh, sir, grieving never yet did any  
good in this world, either to the living  
or to the dead, and we must submit to  
the will of God."

"They talk of submission," said he  
bitterly. "What can they know of  
such sorrow as mine?" But to escape  
further importunities and hackneyed  
phrases meant for consolation, he en-  
tered the house, and proceeding to the  
library, partook slightly of the refresh-  
ments prepared for him.

Sitting by the window, afterward, he  
fell into a slumber, from which he did  
not waken until roused by the clock  
striking two.

He awoke with a perfectly distinct  
recollection of every thought and feel-  
ing experienced during the time he had  
slept.

He seemed to stand where the faint  
light of a summer stars came through  
a small arched window. On each side  
of him were rows of coffins bearing the  
name and age of the mouldering forms  
some of whom had been dust these  
many years.

Before one of these he stood, and  
even in the dim light, which scarcely  
revealed the outlines of different ob-  
jects, the letters on the plate seemed  
perfectly distinct:

THE DORA,  
WELL-BELOVED WIFE  
OF  
HARRY KENSETT.  
ET. 20.

Upon these words his eyes were riv-  
eted. As he gazed the coffin lid  
turned backward on its hinges, and the  
face of Dora appeared, no longer pale  
and marble like in death but arch and  
smiling, with a radiant smile wreath-  
ing the sweet lips.

And as he stood over her with won-  
der at seeing her in such a place, she  
reached out her hands saying:

"Come Harry."  
With the words yet ringing in his  
ears he suddenly awoke.

And as he sat upright in the chair  
in which he had been reclining, and  
looked out into the starlit night, he  
heard the words again; further off this  
time, but clear and distinct.

"Come Harry."  
A sudden impulse which he could  
neither explain nor resist, seemed to  
urge him out into the garden in the di-  
rection from which the voice had seemed  
to proceed.

A moment later he found himself  
walking hurriedly along in the direc-  
tion of the church, half inclined to re-  
sist the impulse which urged him on-  
ward, and yet walking on at a rapid  
pace, which he never slackened till he  
passed a moment in front of the little  
church, whose outlines looked weird  
and ghostlike in the faint starlight.

As he stood irresolute a moment, a  
faint cry from the vault underneath  
the church caused his heart to throb  
with terror.

Hardly knowing why he did it, or  
in fact, what he was doing, he burst  
open the locked door, which resisted  
his first efforts to open it, and decen-  
dation wandered about among the  
old furniture until she came to an old-  
fashioned piano, which looked more like  
a harpsichord or spinnet than the in-  
strument of the Steinways and Chick-  
erings. She drew a chair before it,  
and, unmindful of the attention she at-  
tracted from the few persons in the  
church, she began to play the  
old Scotch air of "Bonnie Doon."

It was followed, without interruption, by  
"The Harp that once through Tara's  
Halls," the strange visitor accompanying  
the instrument with her cracked,  
piping voice, and those who stood by  
saw tears streaming down the old and  
wrinkled cheeks. After singing one  
or two stanzas of Moore's melody she  
struck into the bold strains of the an-  
cient anthem, "Vital Spark of Heav-  
enly Flame," still sobbing as she sung.  
When the line, "Tell me, my soul,  
can this be death?" was reached, she  
suddenly stopped playing and buried  
her face in her hands. So she sat un-  
til the attention of the two or three  
persons present was called away by  
the entrance of customers, and when  
they again turned to the old piano the  
weird visitor had disappeared.

The suddenness of the shock on find-  
ing herself in that horrible place, had  
for a moment overcome her strength,  
and she lay in her arms in a death like  
swoon, which lasted till he laid her on  
her own bed in the chamber from  
whence that morning they had borne  
her to the tomb.

Dora Kensett lived many years after  
this, happy in the love of her faith-  
ful husband, and the respect and affec-  
tion of noble sons, and blooming daugh-  
ters, who grew up to call her blessed;  
and when, at last she heard the inevita-  
ble summons, she obeyed the call as one  
who had proven the realities of earth,  
and would gladly seek the glories  
of that land, whose "splendor passeth  
not away."

Brownlow Retires—A Final Disso-  
lution.  
The partnership hitherto existing, for  
thirty years last past, between Senator  
Brownlow and the Knoxville Whig was  
on Tuesday, finally and forever dissolv-  
ed. This important fact is duly made  
known through the columns of the  
Knoxville Whig. We quote as fol-  
lows:

A CARD.  
Having founded the Whig in the  
spring of 1839, I have been its chief  
editor and publisher for a term extend-  
ing through thirty years. First, at  
Elizabeth, next at Jonesboro, and, for  
the last twenty years, at Knoxville.

Declining health and other engage-  
ments render it impracticable for me  
longer to look after the business inter-  
ests of the office. I have therefore sold  
my entire interest in the Whig and  
henceforth I own no part of any news  
paper establishment in this State or  
elsewhere. The publication of the Whig  
will be continued under a new organ-  
ization; but by whom it will be pub-  
lished and edited I am unable to say.  
I have the assurance, however, that it  
will be continued as a Republican  
journal, advocating the principles and  
policy of the Republican party and ren-  
dering a cordial support to President  
Grant and his administration.

I may add that my chief, if not my  
only hope for the stability of the Gov-  
ernment, the maintenance of Republi-  
can institutions—in which alone true  
liberty is found and the real welfare  
and development of the country, lies  
in the perpetuity of the Republican  
party. I have no confidence in the  
corrupted, distracted and discordant  
organization called the Democratic  
party. It has ever been the enemy of  
liberty, progress and civilization and it  
has cost the nation more blood and  
treasure and suffering than any other  
cause if not than all others combin-  
ed.

And further it is pertinent to say  
that so many in Tennessee who were  
at one time the most outspoken Union  
men, have proved untrue and have  
turned back to the "flesh pots of  
Egypt," betraying the too generous  
friends who had warmed them into life  
that I can only ask that the Republi-  
can cause of the nation will trust Tennessee  
politicians so far as they prove them-  
selves trustworthy and no further. In  
this remark it is not intended to say  
that all Tennessee politicians are un-  
true or untrustworthy. The remark is  
intended only for those to whom it  
properly applies, and the intelligent  
public will not fail to make the right  
application of it.

W. G. BROWNLOW,  
Knoxville, Tenn., Sept. 14, 1869.

Fifty Years Ago.  
A strange incident recently occurred  
in a furniture auction-store in Philadel-  
phia. A tall, white haired lady, dressed  
in the costume of fifty years ago, en-  
tered the store and with an air of ab-  
straction wandered about among the  
old furniture until she came to an old-  
fashioned piano, which looked more like  
a harpsichord or spinnet than the in-  
strument of the Steinways and Chick-  
erings. She drew a chair before it,  
and, unmindful of the attention she at-  
tracted from the few persons in the  
church, she began to play the  
old Scotch air of "Bonnie Doon."

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the instrument with her cracked,  
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or two stanzas of Moore's melody she  
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When the line, "Tell me, my soul,  
can this be death?" was reached, she  
suddenly stopped playing and buried  
her face in her hands. So she sat un-  
til the attention of the two or three  
persons present was called away by  
the entrance of customers, and when  
they again turned to the old piano the  
weird visitor had disappeared.

A HIGHLAND WIFE.

The fragrance of the hawthorn  
blow waked from winter's bed,  
When on a day of sunshine  
To Donald I was wed.  
Twas in the gray of evening  
We reached our happy home,  
And the only shadow  
In the tranquil life was known.

I know not, if most happy  
In life's more careless glaze,  
Or later, when our first love  
I saw on Donald's knee;  
Or when the boys with Donald  
From harvesting would come,  
And see were all my jewels  
Within our rustic home.

And now in latticed doorway,  
With Donald at my side,  
I watch the evening shadows  
As when at first I died.  
The boys have gone, our darlings,  
To other homes than ours,  
But Donald's love is steadfast,  
And bliss is all my hours.

Hand clasped in hand, uniting  
We talk of other days—  
The night comes creeping on,  
And the dawn that now dawns  
And wealth of moonlight rays;  
But brighter grows the mirror  
Of Donald's loving face,  
As near within the nurse  
A jealous love we trace.

The evening shadows thicken,  
The night comes creeping on,  
But though the darkness deepens  
Till Donald's face be gone,  
I shall not wait a little  
The sunlight in that home  
Of never ending brightness,  
Where love shall claim its own.

BY AND BY.

By and by! We say it softly,  
Thinking of a tender hope,  
Striving always in our bosoms;  
Where so many longings grope.

By and by! Oh love shall greet us  
In the time that is to come,  
And the dawn that now dawns  
Then shall all be stricken dumb!

By and by! The mournful sorrow  
Clouded over our sky to-day,  
Shall be one in glad to-morrow—  
Shall be blotted quite away!

By and by! We say it gently,  
Looking on our silent dear,  
And we do not think of earth life,  
But of Heaven's sweet life near.

By and by! We look in yearning  
Towards the harbor of the bliss,  
And we see the beacon burning  
In the port of perfect rest.

By and by! Our ships shall anchor,  
In the tide and wind run fair,  
Some day in the port of Heaven,  
Where our lost and loved ones are.

NEWS ITEMS.

The largest tannery in the world is  
at Kane, Pa.

There are now 17:5 National Banks  
in the United States.

A young man in Illinois recently  
killed his father to obtain \$50.

Fruit trees in parts of Illinois are  
putting forth second blossoms.

The value of domestic happiness has  
been fixed at \$30,000 by a Milwaukee  
Court.

Brigham Young now has sixty eight  
children. The roll is called every morn-  
ing at breakfast.

Two Memphis, Tenn., sisters have  
been horse-whipping a young man for  
abuse and defamation of character.

The trial of Dr. Collins, the reputed  
murderer of ex-Congressman Haughey,  
has just terminated at Courtland, Ala-  
bama.

Mort Dedman, an illicit distiller,  
was killed by revenue officers near  
Ruggold, Geor., while attempting to  
escape from them.

The startling intelligence comes that  
the small State of Delaware is growing  
smaller, from encroachments of the  
Delaware river.

A man and his grandson went out  
hunting in Arkansas last week. The  
boy got behind some bushes and whis-  
tled like a turkey, and his grandfather  
shot him.

The report that the Bank of Califor-  
nia furnished funds to parties for con-  
trolling the election of officers of the  
Pacific Mail Company is denied.

Leading citizens of California are  
endeavoring to organize an interna-  
tional migration association similar to  
the Mary and Immigration Union.

A large cotton manufactory is to be  
established at Nashville, Tennessee, at  
once. The \$330,000 stock required  
has already been subscribed.

A special dispatch from Liverpool  
says that two million of specie is known  
to have been shipped to New York  
within the past three days.

The Mississippi Valley Telegraph  
Company have sold their lines to the  
Atlantic and Pacific Railroad for two  
hundred and sixty thousand dollars in  
shares.

Recently, at Walpool, N. H. a boy  
of eleven years shot his grandmother,  
as he said, "to get the old critter out  
of the way."

A man in Albany rescued his runa-  
way wife from her paramour, by force,  
and in spite of her vehement declara-  
tion that she "loved her lover better  
than her husband," thrust her into a

Horrible Murder in Cincinnati—The  
Clothes Hitted and the Body  
Thrown into a Ditch.

CINCINNATI, September 15.—John  
M. Kruetz, a respectable butcher re-  
siding at No. 263 Wade street, has been  
in the habit of rising before 3 o'clock  
on market days to prepare for the  
morning's work. He kept his horses  
in the stable of a widow woman who  
lives on Betts alley between Wade  
and Everett streets just around the  
corner from his residence.

Yesterday morning he arose, as usu-  
al, about three o'clock—left the house  
for the purpose of harnessing his hor-  
ses. A few minutes after he had gone  
a pistol report was heard by Mrs.  
Kruetz. She did not at once surmise  
the terrible truth. A very few minutes  
of unaccustomed delay however, on the  
part her husband suffered to awaken  
her anxiety. She went to the corner,  
and saw the horse ready harnessed and  
a wagon standing by the open door of  
the stable.

To the latter she went at once and  
called. Receiving no answer, she was  
hurrying back to call the eldest daugh-  
ter when she stumbled upon the form  
of her husband lying lifeless in the gut-  
ter by the wagon. She shrieked murder,  
and ran home, meeting the daugh-  
ter at the door. Together, and joined  
by the aroused neighbors, they returned  
to the corpse. It appeared that the  
entire right side of the upper part of  
the murdered man was gone. Even  
the brain was missing, and it was not  
found till daylight revealed it scattered  
horribly upon the boarding of the op-  
posite stables. A small pocket-pistol,  
empty, lay by the body, and had ap-  
parently been the instrument of death.

The pockets of Kruetz had been turned  
inside out, and his pocket-book, empty,  
was found a few feet from where he lay.  
The deceased was forty-nine years of  
age, and leaves a wife and five children.

A modern time for courtship is from  
twelve to eighteen months. This of  
course, greatly depends on other cir-  
cumstances, but its length should not  
be unnecessarily extended. It is this  
sort of fashion—namely, that an inter-  
minable wooing—that gave occasion  
to the young man's objection to matri-  
mony, when the same was urged upon  
him by his lady love: "My dear," said  
he, "if we were married, I don't know  
where I could spend my evenings!"

Many a young lady becomes weary  
of the tedious delay of her suitor, and  
many an anxious suitor grows weary of  
the unnecessary sorrows of their own  
There is a story told of a young cou-  
ple who began to court at an early age,  
who went on courting when they were  
out of their teens; the gentleman ven-  
tured to propose a settlement, and was  
begged to wait a while longer, and so  
he went on waiting, and youth de-  
parted, and the pledged couple, still  
courting, began occasionally to notice a  
grey hair, or an unmistakable wrinkle,  
but still went on as of old, till more  
than half a century had passed; in a  
word, they courted all their lives, and  
lived to be old, but not married.

Twenty-seven Cents Worth of Mar-  
ried Life.  
In Virginia, where the law fixes the  
marriage fee at one dollar, there is a  
reminiscence of a couple who many  
years ago called on a parson and re-  
quested him to marry them.

"Where is my fee?" said the func-  
tionary.

The parties who were to unite their  
fortunes did so at once, and found the  
joint amount to be twenty-seven cents.  
"I can't marry you for that sum,"  
said the irate gentleman.

"A little bit of service will go a long  
way," replied the male applicant.

"Ah no," said the parson, "you don't  
pay for the size of the bill, but for the  
good you hope it to do you."

"The last, intent on marriage, began  
to weep, but the parson was inextin-  
guishable, and the couple turned sadly to de-  
part. Just then a happy thought seem-  
ed to strike the forlorn maiden, and she  
turned and cried through her tears:

"Please, sir, if you can't marry us  
"full up" won't you marry us twenty-  
seven cents worth; we can come for  
the rest some other time."

This was too much for the parson.  
He married them "full up," and they  
went on their way rejoicing.

A few weeks after a late marriage,  
the husband had some peculiar thoughts  
when putting on his last clean shirt, as  
he saw no appearance of a "washing."  
He thereupon rose earlier than usual  
one morning, and kindled a fire. When  
putting on the kettle, he made a noise  
on purpose to arouse his easy wife. She  
immediately peeped over the blankets,  
and then exclaimed: "My dear, what  
are you doing?" He deliberately respon-  
ded: "I've put on my last clean shirt,  
and I'm going to wash one now for  
myself." "Very well," replied Mrs.  
Easy, "you had better wash one for me  
too."

The editor of the Springfield (Mo.)  
Leader has been advertising for a boy,  
for several weeks, to learn the printing  
trade, and on Thursday his wife filled  
the order for him, and shows that ad-  
vertising pays. He could have had

Rates of Advertising.  
One inch to constitute a square.  
One square, one insertion.....\$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion.....50  
For advertising a candidate.....\$3.00  
Liberal deductions made, by special contract  
to large advertisers.  
SPECIAL NOTICE charged 25 per cent high-  
er than ordinary advertisements.  
All persons ordering advertisements  
are held responsible for the same.  
Job Work done with neatness and dispatch  
at prices corresponding with the times.  
Letters must be addressed to  
CARPENTER & LOGAN,  
Rutherfordton, N. C.  
JOHN A. WORK,  
OF ALL DESCRIPTION  
Executed with neatness and dispatch.











